

Little bit of food

Poem from Werewolf Club Rules by Joseph Coelho

A little bit of rice,
a little bit of pea,
on my plate
for my tea.

A little bit of jam,
a little bit of toast,
in the mornings
when I love it most.

A little bit of banger,
a little bit of mash,
in my belly
for a tasty bash.

A little bit of curry,
with a poppadum,
tastes great
but it burns my tongue!

A little bit of *fufu*,
a little bit of stew,
eat with your fingers,
that's what we do.

A little bit of food,
on my plate,
eat it all up,
feeling great.